

1904



MADE IN AMERICA BY **IDEAL** FOUNDRY IN PENN.





PROLOGUE

WAS closing day at Toodle's School
Of Shorthand, and a parting rule
Fair Teacher Toodle gave her class
Who came to say farewell *en masse*.
Said she: "I want to give to-day
Advice to speed you on your way.
I have prepared you for a start—
In business worlds to take a part.
Just do your all and do your best,
None can do more; as for the rest
Twill be an easy triumph when
You use an Ideal Fountain Pen.
Farewell! These words do not ignore:
Let each become a Dipnomore."

The class disbanded; then each sought
Work in that line for which he thought
Himself best fitted,—and success
Came quickly some of them to bless.
All these successes of the school
Had followed well that farewell rule,
But there were others of the class
Who made slow progress, for, alas!
That rule forgot, from boss to boss
They rolled like stones that gleaned no moss;
Until, a saving beacon light
To lead them on to win the fight
That rule came back! Then once again
They took heart (and an Ideal Pen.)
Their diaries give each one's tale
Explaining how each came to fail
At first; then how their trials were o'er
When each became a Dipnomore."

CHAPTER I



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF HOMER HAWTHORNE HANKENSON.

(The Student who aspired to Literary Honors)

MARCH 3d

TO-DAY again I wooed the muse,
From her fair crown a gem to choose,
But as I'd start to write I'd find
The jeweled thought had left my mind.
In pausing for a dip of ink
I had sustained a mental blink;
And thus a dozen times a day
My inspirations slip away!

MARCH 20th

Last week Miss Toodle's farewell rule
Returned to me—I've been a fool!
But now in fancy's realm I soar
Successfully—a Dipnomore!



CHAPTER II.



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF LEMUEL LEGALORUM

(The Student who became a Lawyer's Clerk)

MAY 5th

I
I'VE lost my job and come to grief —
While taking down a lengthy brief,
O'er ponderous points I paused to think
And absently upset my ink.
I ruined everything in sight
So I'm without a job to-night.
How one swift blow of fate can spoil
Days, months and years of patient toil!

JUNE 10th

Oh, wasn't I a pompous fool
To scoff at Teacher Toodle's rule!
I've taken her advice at last
And now I'm making headway fast.
Success came like a meteor
When I became a Dipnomore!



CHAPTER III.



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF STEPHEN O'SCRATCH-

(The Student who became a Secretary)

SEPTEMBER 3d

I'VE lost the finest job in town!
To-day, as I was taking down
The Mayor's speech about the South
A clot of ink flew in his mouth,
Tossed from the inkwell by my pen!
His tongue and temper blackened then;
He furiously drove me thence
With floods of inky eloquence!

SEPTEMBER 10th

Last week's misfortune did but lead
Me to advancement great indeed!
It made me realize that I must
In pen perfection put my trust;
Result:—I serve the Governor
To-day—a faithful Dipnomore!



CHAPTER IV.



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MOLLY MIXDUP

(The Student who became an Amanuensis)

OCTOBER 8th



MY labor fills me with despair,
I do just twice my daily share —
For half the time ere I am through,
I dip my pen plump in the glue;
And quite a million times, I think,
I plunge my glue brush in the ink.
Then chaos comes o'er all to reign,
And I must do my work again.

OCTOBER 20th

At last I feel when I am through
That no one better work could do;
And so, since this has been the case,
I'm rising at a rapid pace.
No ink-pot nuisance as of yore—
For now I am a Dipnomore!



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(The Student who became an Amanuensis)

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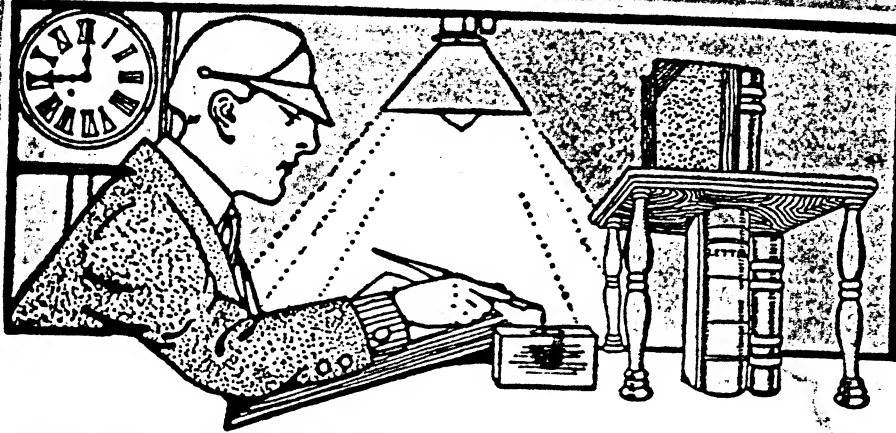
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CHAPTER V.



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF SAMUEL SCRABBLEHARD

(The Student who became a Bookkeeper)

JULY 1st

MY work's accumulating so
The boss to-day declared me slow!
While posting books I stop, I think,
Five hundred times to dip in ink.
'Tis thus that hours, every day,
Of priceless time are dipped away!
The others leave while it is light,
But I toil far into the night.

JULY 20th

Eureka! I have found a way
To save two hours in every day!
Of all the things I learned at school
Not one has helped me like that rule
Of Teacher Toodle. Now at four
I'm through
since I'm a Dipnomore!



CHAPTER VI.



DOLLY DRUDGADAY

(The Student who became an Office Assistant)

AUGUST 6th

AH! must I do this work I hate —
Dust books and ask folks please to wait?
Such hours in drudgery I spend
It seems the days will never end.
My writing is what keeps me down,
The boss can't read without a frown;
So he declares I'll never do
For higher work—I guess it's true!

AUGUST 20th

At last I've solved the problem quite,
The future looks amazing bright;
My dreary "dusting days" are past,
And pleasant tasks are mine at last.
My penmanship they all adore
Since I became a Dipnomore!



CHAPTER VII.



EXTRACT FROM
THE DIARY OF
POLLY PUSHERWAY

(The Student who became a Society Reporter)

NOVEMBER 8th

WHILE taking down the gossip that
Abounds in Sweldom's social chat,
I frequently my pencil break
And ere another point I make,
They talk of other things I find,
Which drive the scandals from my mind.
And so I missed the names of three
Who dined with Castor's Chimpanzee;
And lost the price the Allrich girl
Gave up to win her English Earl;
Forgot, in manner much the same,
Gay Mrs. Blink's fifth husband's name.

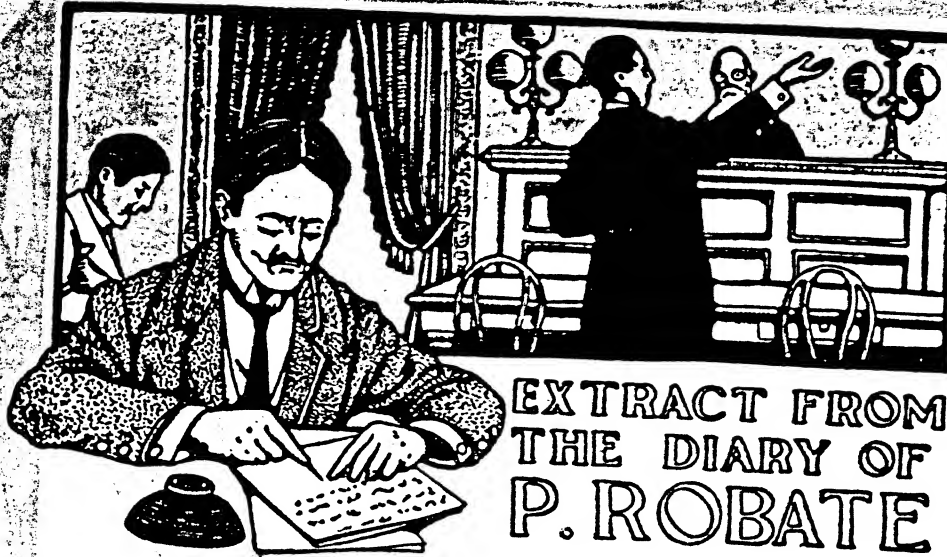
By breaking points these
points I lost;
This nuisance my success
has cost!

NOVEMBER 15th

At last I've won an envied place,
Four columns daily is my space.
I filled but one a week before—
But now I am a Dipnomore!



CHAPTER VIII.



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF P. ROBATE

(The Student who became a Court Reporter)

OCTOBER 1st

IT seems I cannot keep a place
For, though at school a rapid pace
I used to set, when taking down
Dictation at a court in town
I just can't keep up with the rest,
Although I try my level best!
In reaching out to ink my pen
I miss whole phrases now and then!

OCTOBER 12th

Well, haven't I a stupid head!
I've just recalled what Toodle said.
Let lightning lawyers faster plead—
Secure, I revel in my speed!
In good, quick work I lead a score
For now I am a Dipnomore!





EPILOGUE



AND now, our friends, the students eight
Have risen all to high estate;
Each student's one time humble name
Is blazoned on the rolls of fame,
And other students now may see
How they, too, may successful be.
Life lessons, 'stead of ancient lore,
Shall make of each a Dipnomore!

I.



The first who recognition won
Was Homer Hawthorne Hankenson.
His celebrated novels are
Deservedly so popular
No store can keep enough on hand
To fill the ever great demand.
His "Worlds Awar," so highly prized,
Has recently been dramatized,
And he insists that there shall be
This stirring climax in act three:—
The note declaring warfare o'er
Is written by a Dipnomore!

II.

In Federal Courts there now presides
L. Legalorum. He decides
The cases that for woe or weal
Have reached the court of last appeal.
Last week Judge Legalorum said
As he his just decision read,
"The fair defendant is excused—
But if an Ideal Pen she'd used,
She need not have invoked the law,
Her writing would have shown no flaw.
Ye who would shun all legal war,
Become like me a Dipnomore!"



III.

The leaders labored long and late
In making up the local slate.
Said one, "'Tis pretty hard to match
That clever fellow, Steve O'Scratch.
He rules the Governor, and so
He really runs the state, you know!"
So Stephen is a Senator
And still a loyal Dipnomore!



IV.

Our great beloved philosopher
J. Blackiswhite I.F.U.R.
Has often said that to his wife
Are due the triumphs of his life.
Miss Molly Mixdup once was she,
His coypist she used to be;
So valued her assistance grew
The sage could not without her do,
And so, for fear she'd leave some day
He married her without delay.
Though rich and honored, still her work
His bride is never known to shirk:
"Why 'tish't work to me, you know,"
She says, "for I learned long ago
To make my tasks a pleasure, for
You see I am a Dipnomore!"



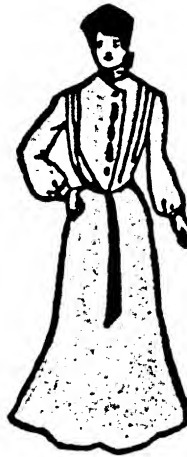
V.

The rise of Sammy Scrabblehard,
Who kept the books for "Foot &
Yard,"
Was most remarkable, for he
An office drudge once seemed to be—
A Captain now of Industry
He manages the Trust in Tea;
Draws checks where he drew lines
before,
And now, as then, a Dipnomore!



VI.

Miss Drudgaday her tasks resigned
Her sphere in college work to find.
The brokerage business she had learned
So well a fortune soon she earned.
Now are her praises sounded loud;
Four colleges she has endowed!
With Ideal Fountain Pen in hand
In public parks her statues stand.
This sign above each college door
She placed: Become a Dipnomore!



VII.

A millionaire was won, they say,
By skits of Polly Pusherway,
And now as Mrs. Far-Negee
She dictates to society.
This special dictum she has made,
By all her social set obeyed:—
“If you would be *de rigueur*, then
Use but an Ideal Fountain Pen.
For dipping is a beastly boah—
That’s why I am a Dipnomore!



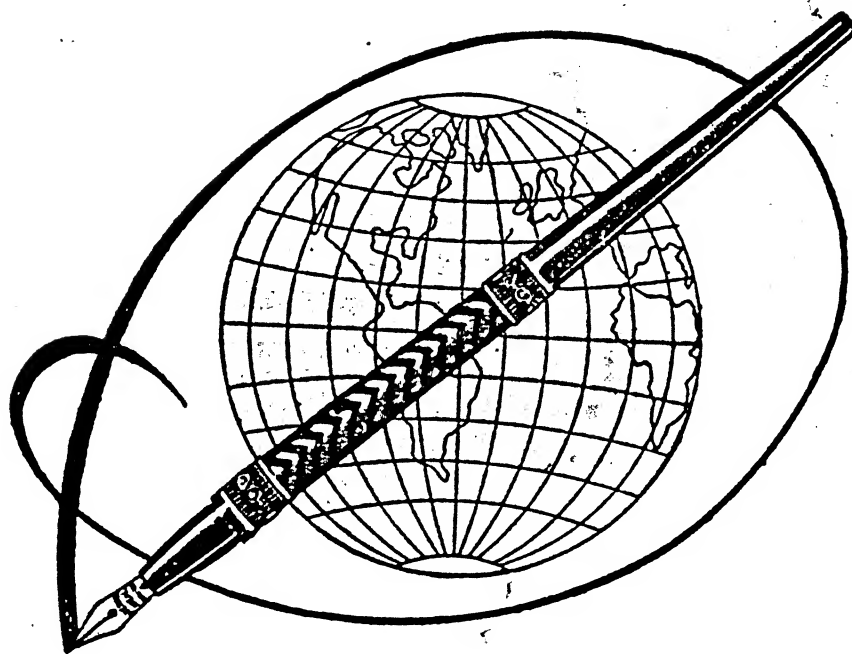
VIII.

P. Robate, too, has prospered well,
Just what he’s worth ’tis hard to tell.
So lightning-like his work became,
He went at last for bigger game;
And now his famous shorthand school
Greets each new student with this
rule:—
“Of swift success, the very core
Is this: Become a Dipnomore!”



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